



8287

# Shadow

## COMICS

OCT • 1942  
**10¢**  
VOL. 2 - NO. 7

*3 Thrilling Shadow Stories*

KING DOOM

RETURN OF SHIWAN KHAN

SHADOW SNARES  
THE WHITE DRAGON

NICK CARTER - HOODED WASP  
DANNY GARRETT AND OTHERS

VUG/



# **NOW**

**YOU CAN READ**

# **THE SHADOW**

## **COMICS**

**EVERY MONTH!**

**It will appear on your newsstand on the  
fourth Friday of each month.**

**Don't forget: the fourth Friday of each  
month is SHADOW day.**

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# The SHADOW

SNARES THE

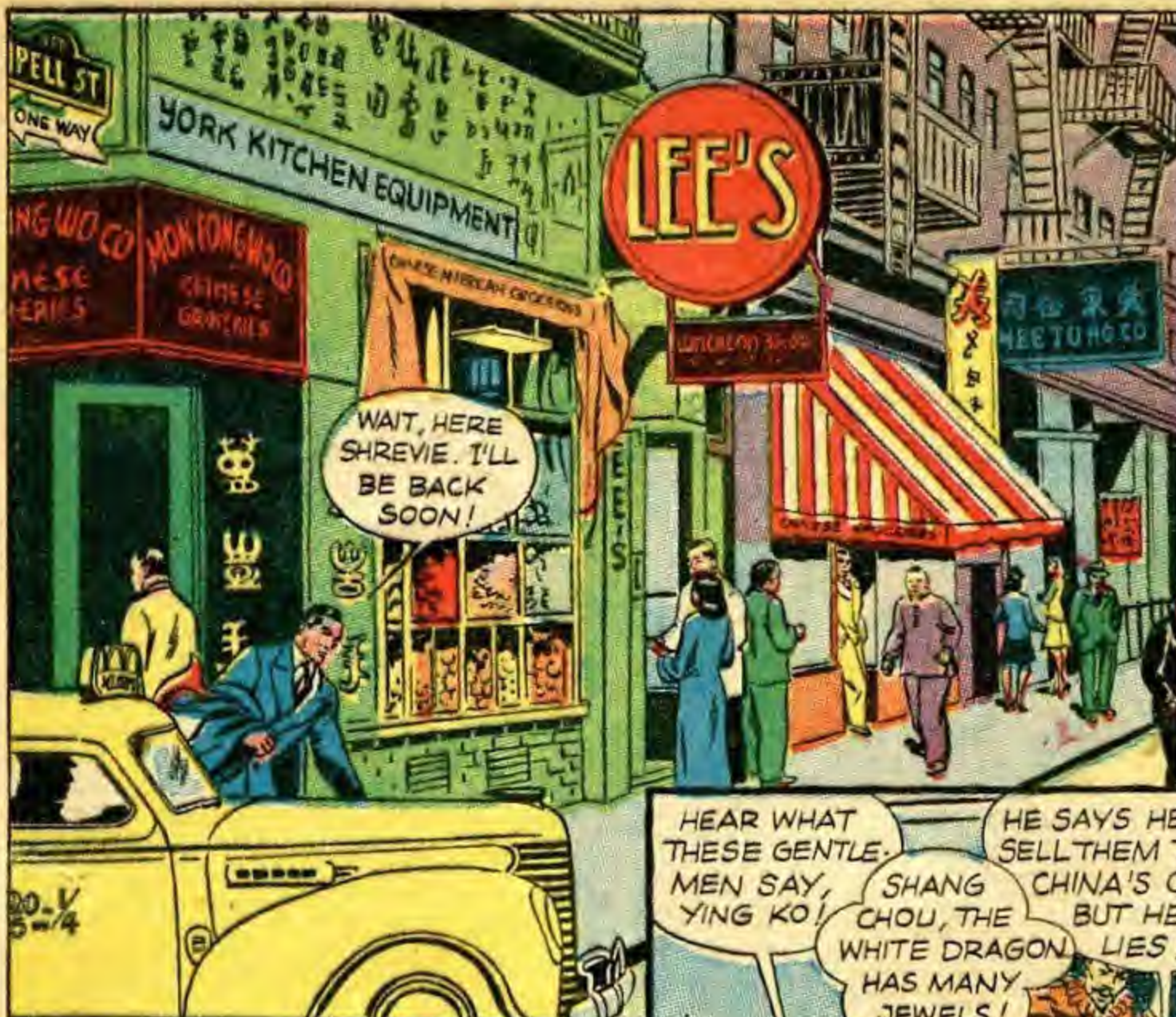
# White Dragon



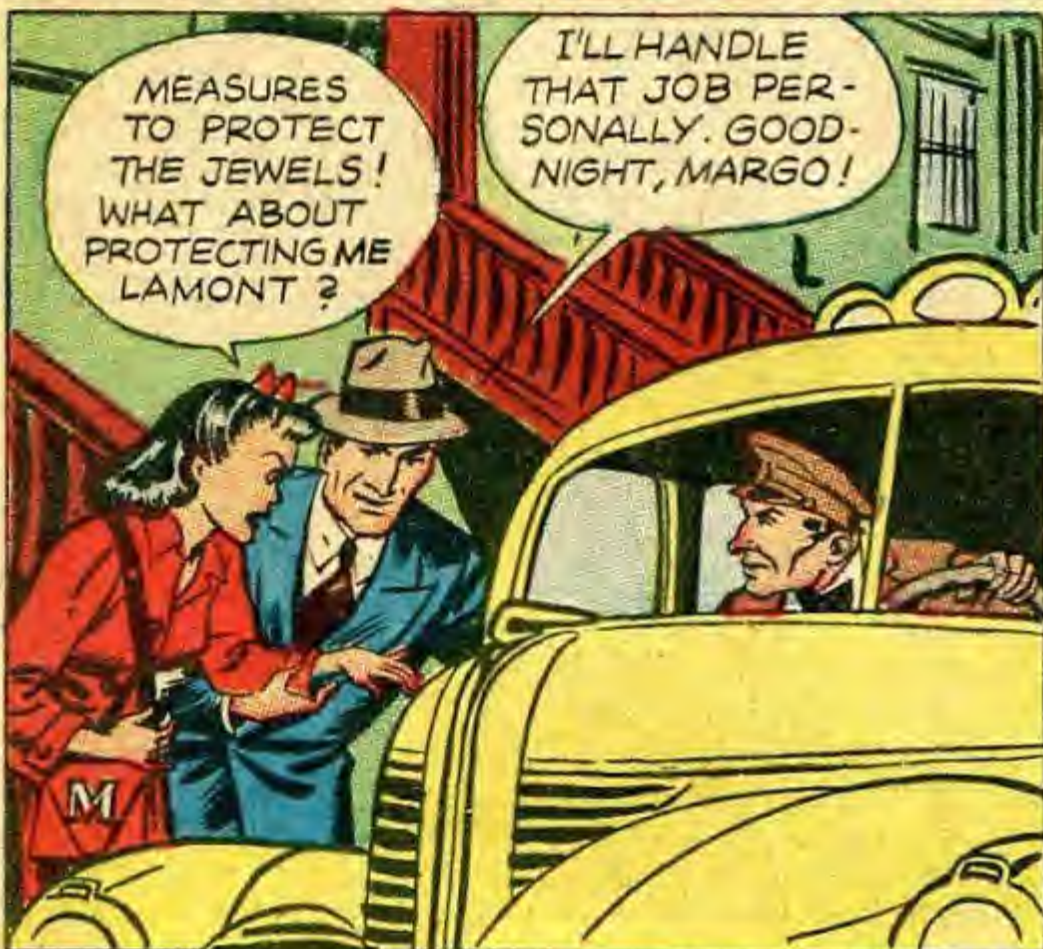
VERNON V.  
GREENE







































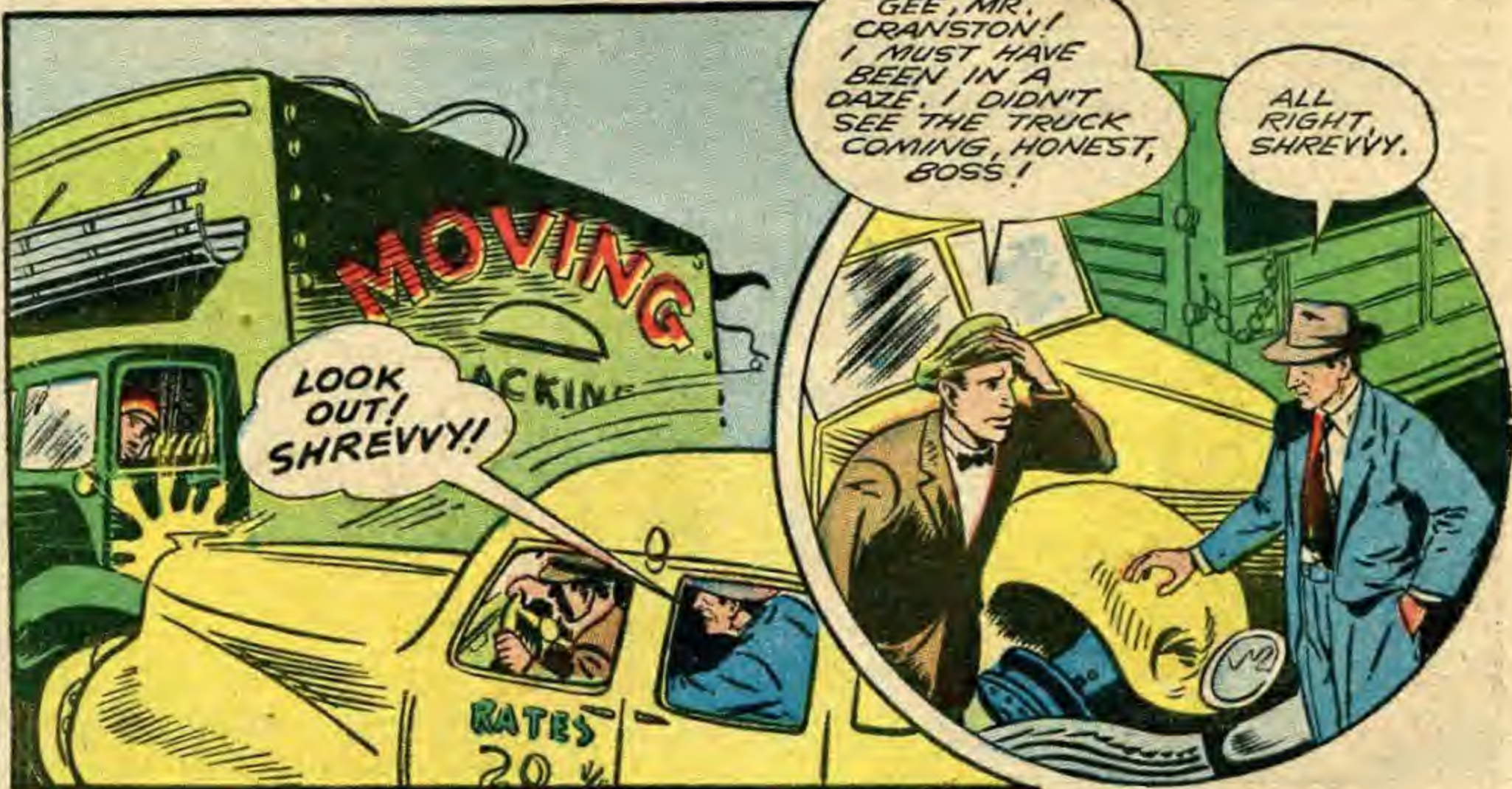


# THE SHADOW

AGAIN MEETS THE

INCREDIBLE  
SHIWAN KHAN

ILLUSTRATED BY  
JACK BINDER









**L**AMONT CRANSTON BECOMES THE SHADOW... INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE, THE SHADOW, MASTER OF JUSTICE, SCOURS CHINATOWN FOR TRACES OF SHIWAN KHAN, DREAD MENACE FROM THE ORIENT!



**MEANWHILE!**



NOW TO PUT ON MY CHINESE MAKE-UP AND BECOME MING DWAN.



GOOD! NOT EVEN SHIWAN KHAN WILL SUSPECT THAT I AM MYRA RELDON.

**A**T THE SAME TIME...



DESPITE MY HYPNOTIC EFFORT AT TURNING HANDS AGAINST HIM, THE SHADOW STILL LIVES! GO, ALL OF YOU, AND DECOY HIM HERE -- TO DOOM!









WATCHING SHIWAN KHAN'S FOLLOWERS DISAPPEAR LIKE RATS, THE SHADOW TAKES A RANDOM TRAIL...



AND ANOTHER! THIS TRAIL WILL DO.



SINCE ALL PATHS LEAD TO SHIWAN KHAN!



CUT OFF! ALONG WITH THE SHIWAN KHAN TRIBE! WELL, AS LONG AS THEY DON'T SUSPECT...

BONG!



A BLOCKING DOOR AND A SLIDING FLOOR. OLD STUFF!



I CAN CLEAR THAT OPENING EASILY, SO HERE GOES!



**T**HE SHADOW'S LEAP  
ENDS IN MID-AIR!!!

WH...?  
THIS FEELS  
LIKE A  
SPIDER'S  
WEB!

IT IS A WEB,  
SHADOW! AND NOW  
KU YAN, MY GIANT  
SPIDER, WILL DEVOUR  
YOU. HE SEES YOU,  
SHADOW, AS WE  
ALL DO. YOU CAN  
CLOUD NO MINDS  
WHILE SHIWAN  
KHAN IS  
PRESENT!



I'M GOOD AT  
BACK HAND  
SHOTS! TELL ME  
HOW I'M MAKING  
OUT,  
SHIWAN  
KHAN.

BANG!  
BANG!

YOU'LL PAY  
FOR KILLING  
MY PET!



DEATH TO  
YING KO,  
THE SHADOW!

I'LL HELP  
YOU, YING  
KO!

DON'T BOTHER  
WITH SHIWAN  
SHOOT THE  
TORCH  
BEARER!











HERE'S THE THRONE ROOM, MYRA. NOW TO MEET SHIWAN KHAN!



GOOD-BYE, YING KO!



THE THRONE ALCOVE IS AN ELEVATOR!

YES! AND SHIWAN KHAN USED IT JUST IN TIME!



AS THE SHADOW ARRIVES, SHIWAN KHAN STRIKES A GONG AND THE THRONE ROOM COLLAPSES!!

KEEP BACK! MING DWAN!

I SEE YOU, SHADOW! AND I AM READY!



NO SIGN OF SHIWAN KHAN! WILL WE HEAR FROM HIM AGAIN?

YES, WHEN HE HAS FOUND A NEW HEADQUARTERS AND NEW FOLLOWERS. BUT WE'LL BE READY FOR HIM!

THE END



# A FIRESIDE CHAT



MY FRIENDS, THIS IS A STORY ABOUT ONE OF OUR FLYING FORTRESSES OPERATING IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC...

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS BOMB SOME JAP TRANSPORT SHIPS AND GO ON HOME, EH?

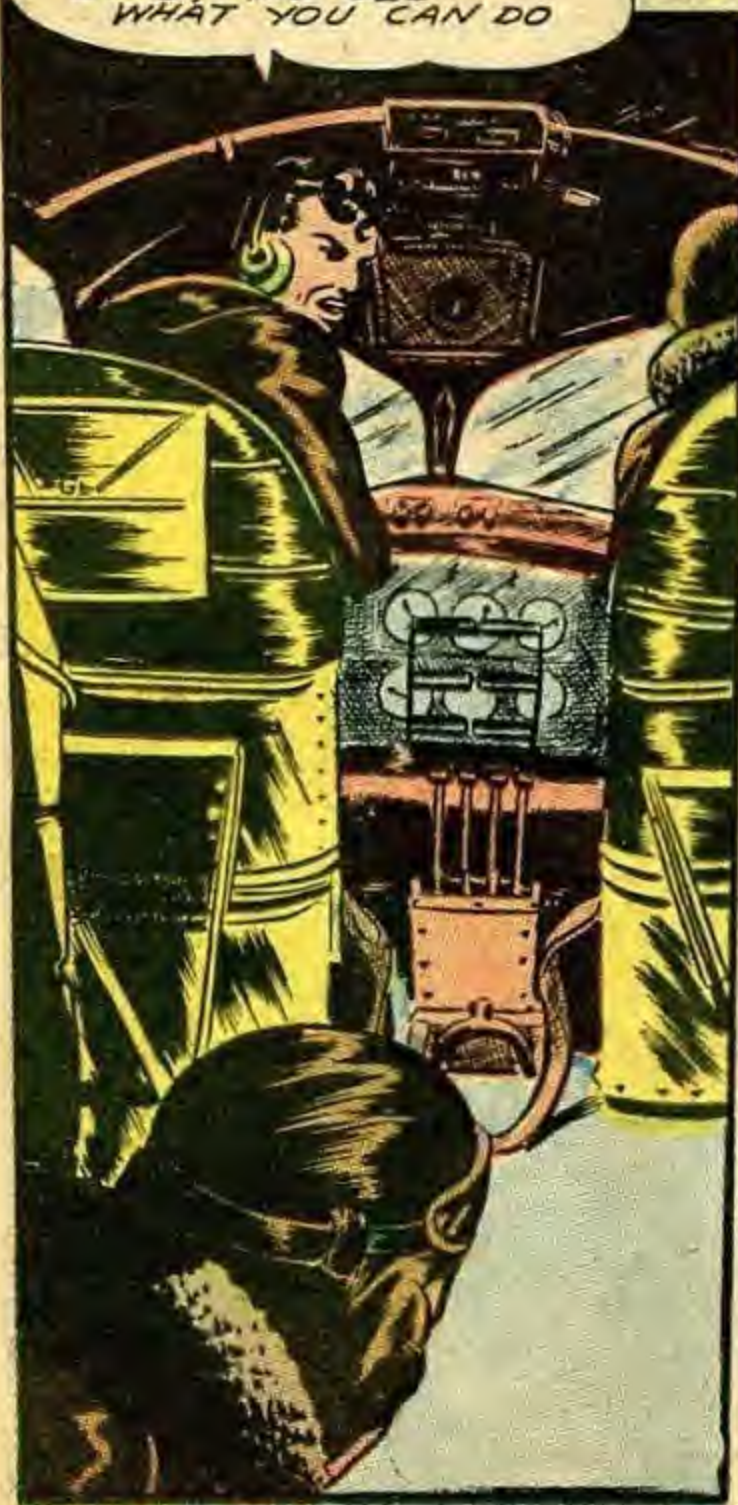
OH-OH, ONE OF THE ENGINES JUST CONKED OUT! GET TO WORK, BOYS, AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO



"THE PILOT LOST CONTACT WITH THE OTHER BOMBERS!!"



"MEANWHILE, THE OTHER PLANES HAD DROPPED THEIR BOMBS AND STIRRED UP A HORNET'S NEST OF JAPANESE ZERO PLANES."





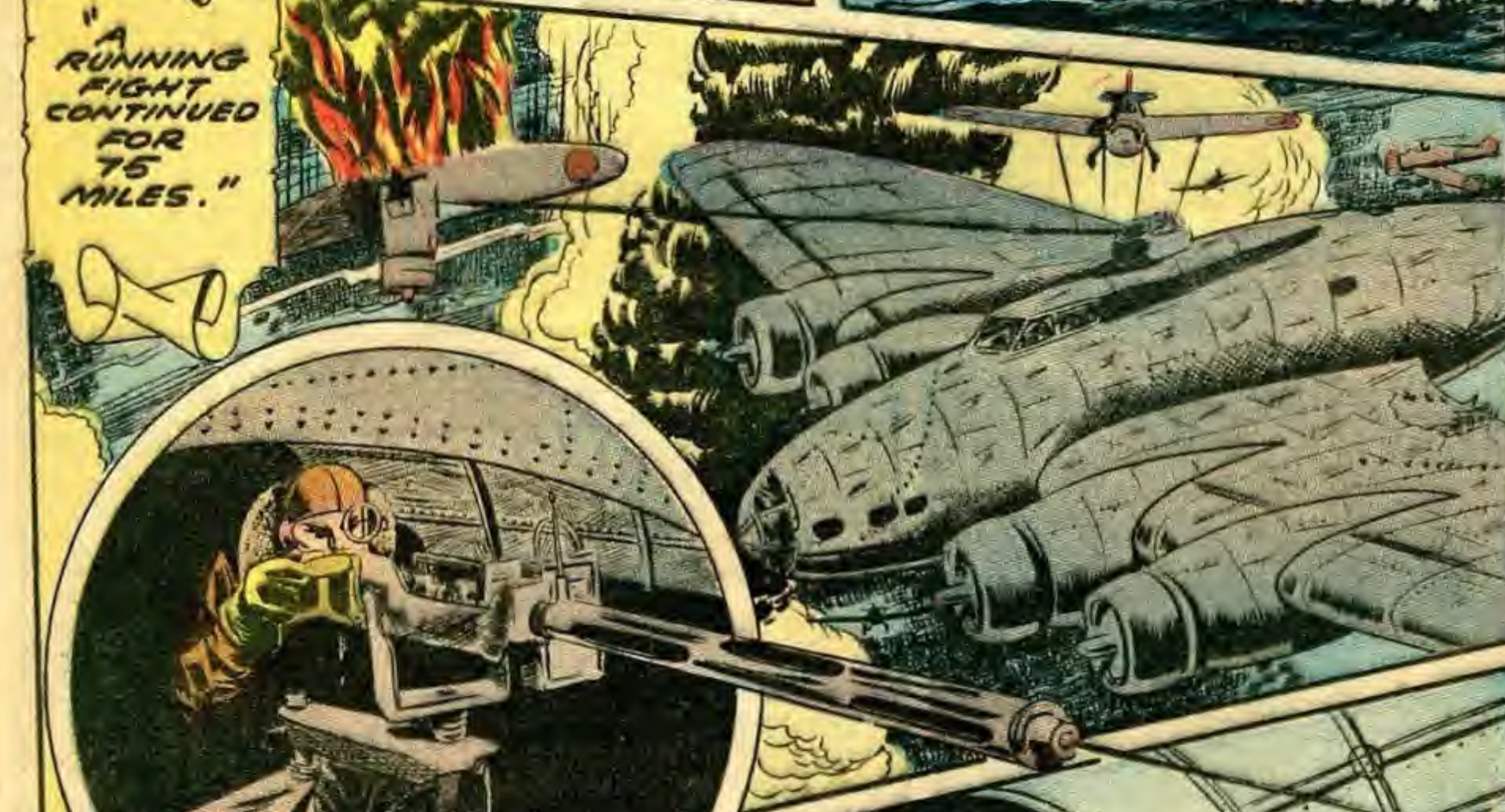
**B**Y THE TIME THE PILOT GOT HIS ENGINE REPAIRED AND CONTINUED TO HIS DESTINATION..."

**D**ESPITE THE MASS ATTACK, ... OUR PLANE DROPPED ALL ITS BOMBS!"

"A RUNNING FIGHT CONTINUED FOR 75 MILES."

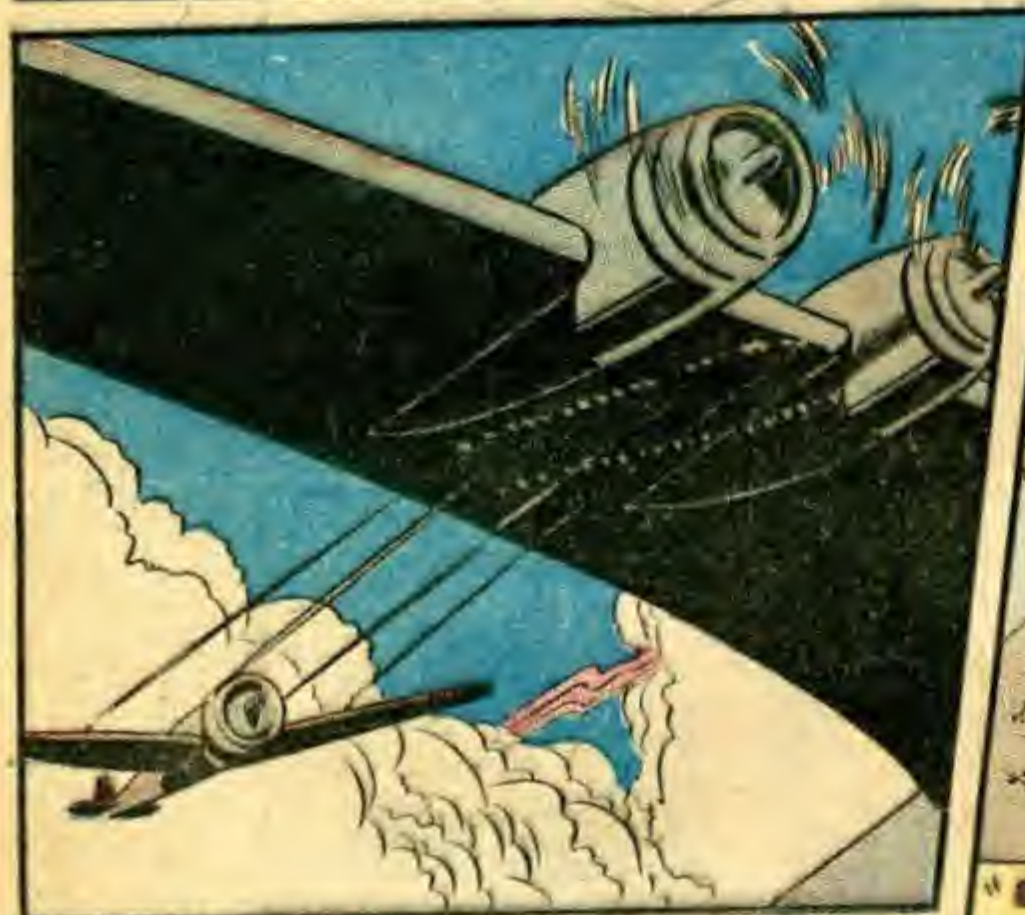
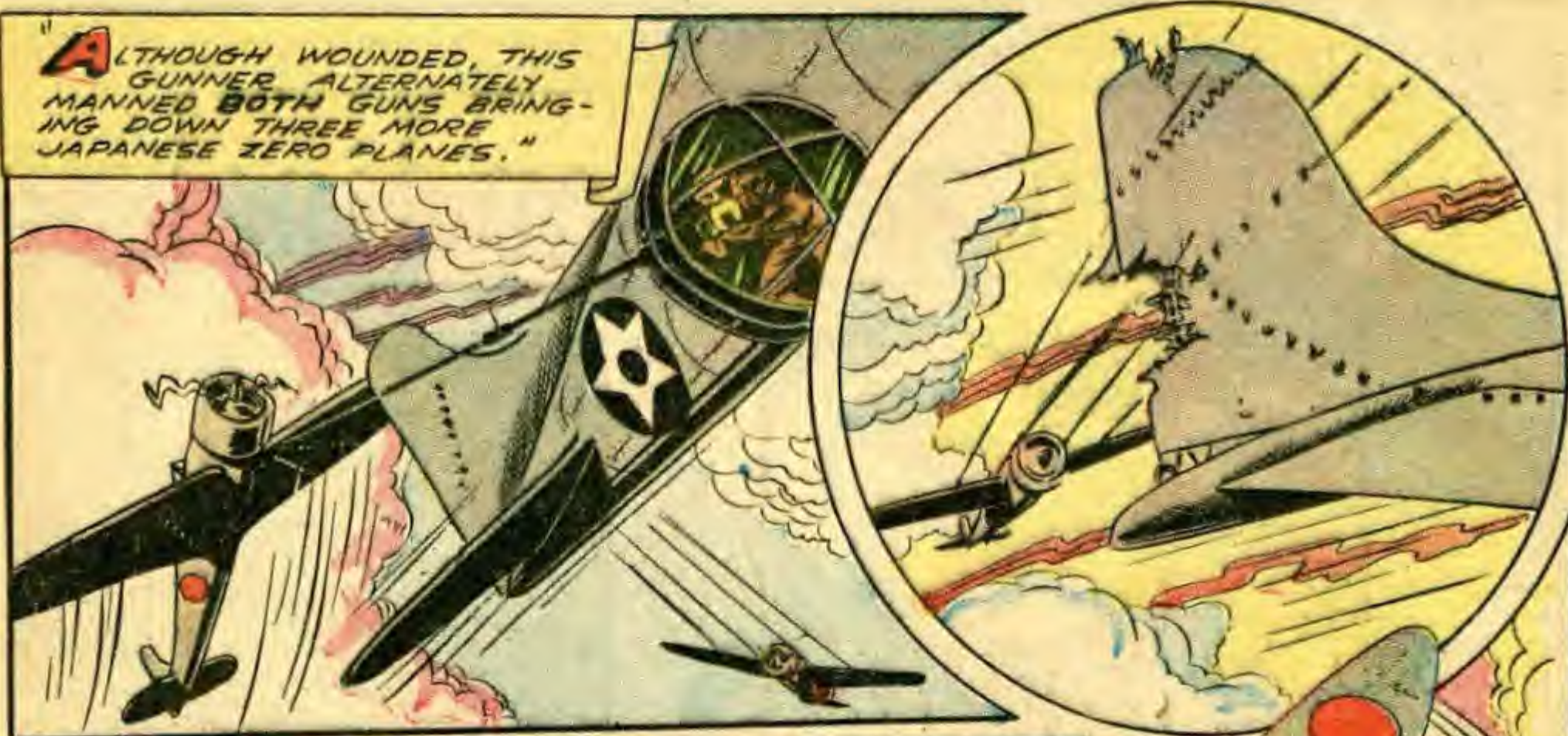
"FOUR WERE SHOT DOWN WITH THE SIDE GUNS."

"ONLY ONE MAN WAS LEFT AVAILABLE TO OPERATE BOTH SIDE GUNS."





**A**LTHOUGH WOUNDED, THIS GUNNER ALTERNATELY MANNED BOTH GUNS BRINGING DOWN THREE MORE JAPANESE ZERO PLANES."



**T**HE FIGHT CONTINUED UNTIL THE JAPS EXHAUSTED THEIR AMMUNITION AND TURNED BACK."

**W**ITH TWO ENGINES GONE AND THE PLANE PRACTICALLY OUT OF CONTROL THE AMERICAN BOMBER CAME BACK TO ITS BASE AFTER DARK AND MADE AN EMERGENCY LANDING. THE MISSION HAD BEEN ACCOMPLISHED. THE NAME OF THE PILOT IS CAPTAIN H.T. WHELESS."



GEE-WHEN THE PRESIDENT TELLS A STORY LIKE THAT, IT MAKES YOU PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN!

NOW I SEE WHY WE HAVE TO BUY VICTORY BONDS.

I CAN BUY TEN CENT STAMPS WITH MY ALLOWANCE!





# That men may live



R. TRAVIS DEGROUCHY  
U. S. COAST GUARD, INTELLIGENCE DEPT

JOSEPH DEILY  
COAST ARTILLERY

RODNEY PARKERSON  
AIR CORPS BOMBARDIER

RICHARD RYLANDS  
AIR CORPS CADET

JAMES POTTER  
AIR CORPS CADET

VINCE COSTELLO  
ARMY

KURT SCHAFFENBERGER  
ARMY

S.H. "MEMPHIS" BROOKS  
OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL

NAT CHAMPLIN  
NAVY

JOHN WESTLAKE  
JUNIOR ENGINEER

Our artists and script writers  
who have joined the armed services





THEY  
MADE  
US LIVE

**NOW LET'S HELP THEM HELP ALL OF US  
THE AMERICAN WAY BY BUYING  
WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!**

"THE SHADOW"  "DON'T FORGET

"THE SHADOW  
KNOWS A BOND  
HELPS BEAT THE  
AXIS!"

"DONT FORGET  
THERE'S MAGIC  
IN EVERY WAR STAMP!"

"HERE'S WHAT A  
STAMP WILL DO!"

"AJAX THE SUN MAN  
WILL SET THE SON  
OF THE LAND OF  
THE RISING SUN!"

"I WISH I HAD TWO MORE LEGS  
TO GIVE TO MY COUNTRY."

"COME ON, BOYS,  
LET'S ALL CARRY  
ON!"

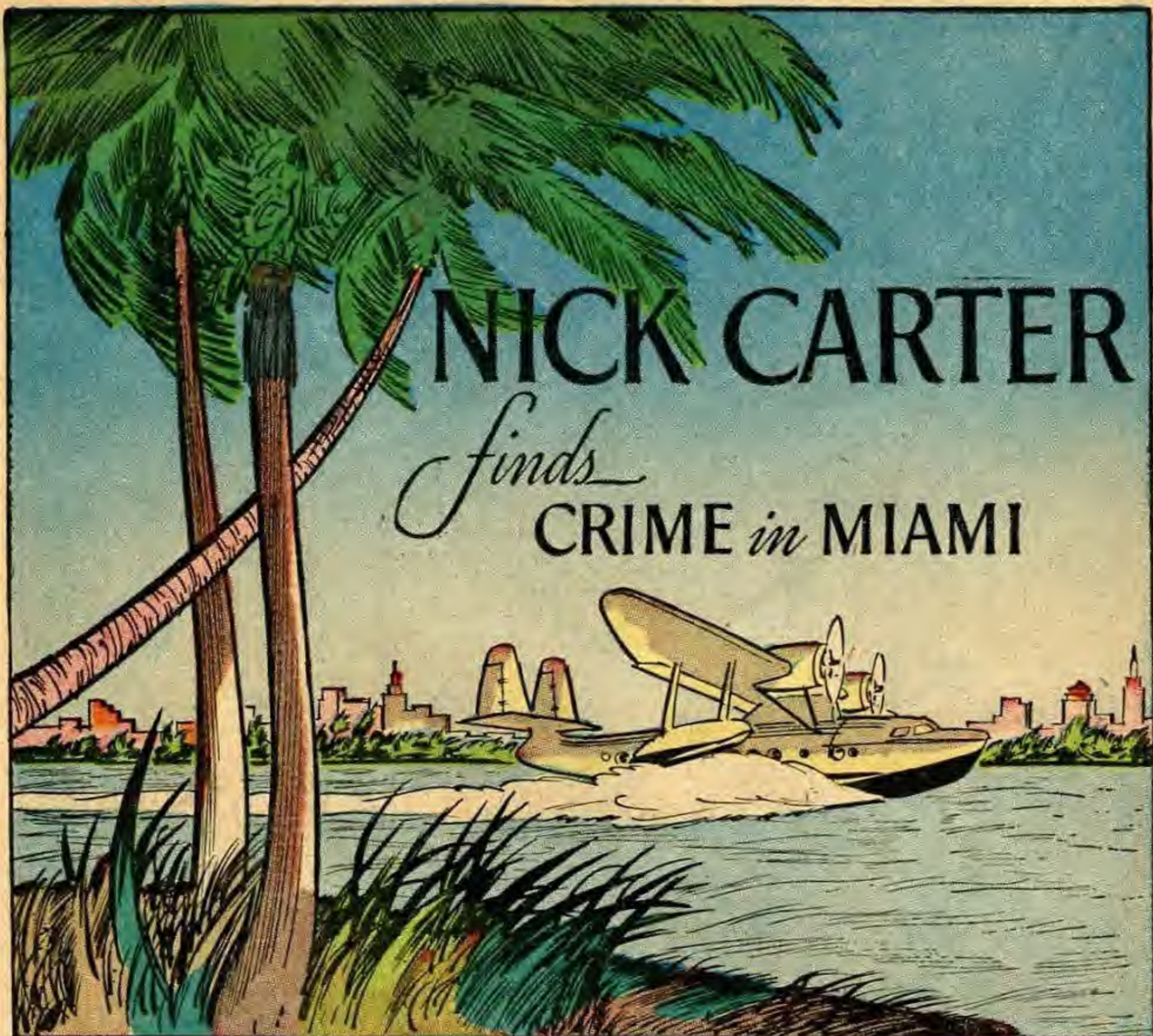
"WHAT DOOLITTLE  
DID BEFORE WE  
CAN DO AGAIN.

"HEY, GENERAL  
MAC ARTHUR,  
I'VE BOUGHT  
MINE!"

**FOR VICTORY**

**BUY  
UNITED  
STATES  
WAR  
SAVINGS  
BONDS  
STAMPS**





A CLIPPER SHIP  
ARRIVES IN  
MIAMI, BRINGING  
POLITICAL  
REFUGEES  
FROM A  
CERTAIN  
CENTRAL  
AMERICAN  
REPUBLIC....  
NICK CARTER  
IS PRESENT!

...









AND A SNOOPING WAITER,  
JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR

DON'T LIKE IT,  
HUH — TAKE  
THIS!.....

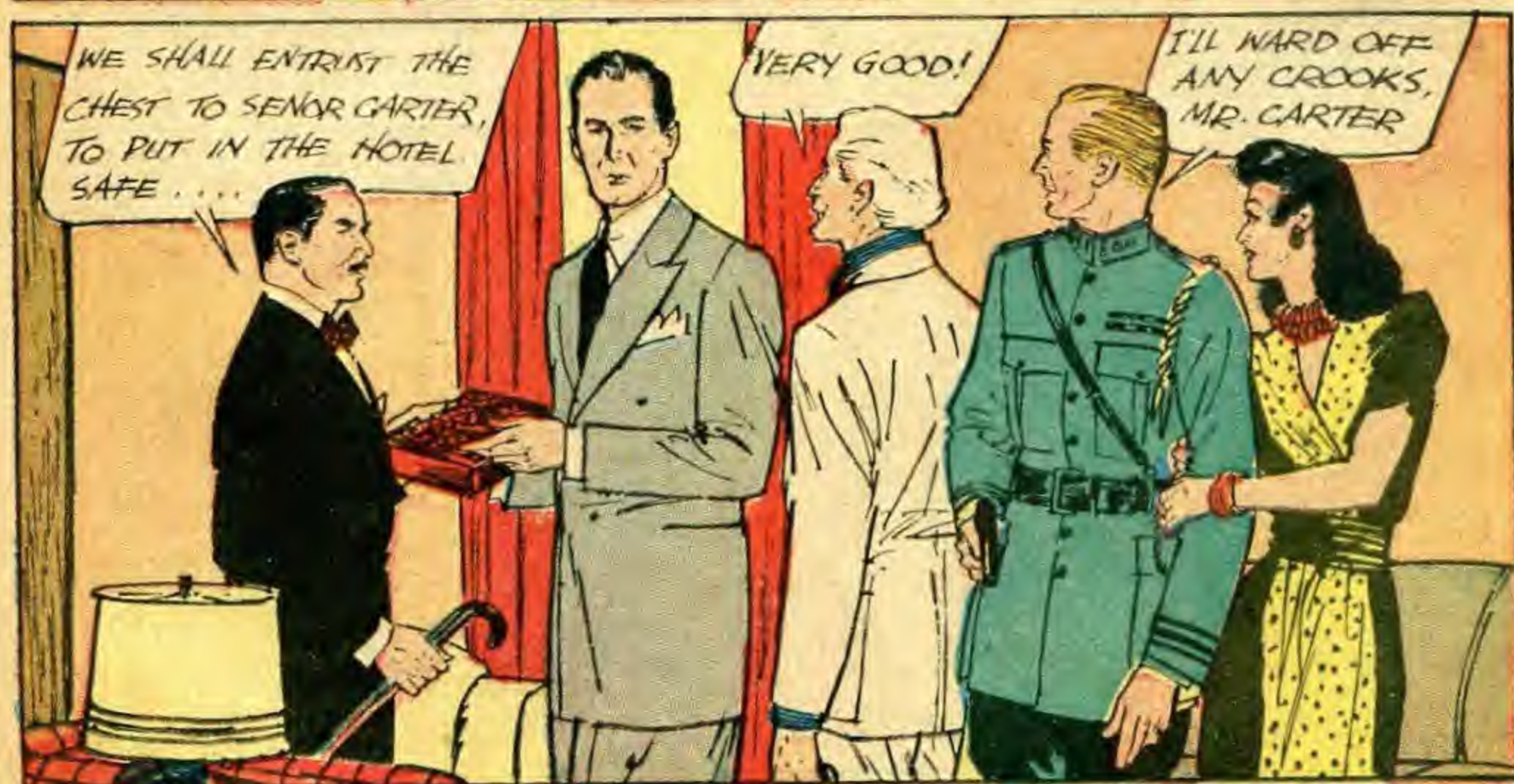
619

TAKE THE TRAY? CERTAINLY!  
—AND HERE'S YOUR TIP. ..

SORRY, SENORITA...  
I SPILLED SOME  
OF THE TEA.....

YOU MUST BE SENOR CARTER! I AM JACINTO  
ESTABA — THIS IS MY UNCLE, SENOR FERNANDO  
ESTABA — SENOR JOSE MOREZ — AND SENOR  
BILL STANDISH.....





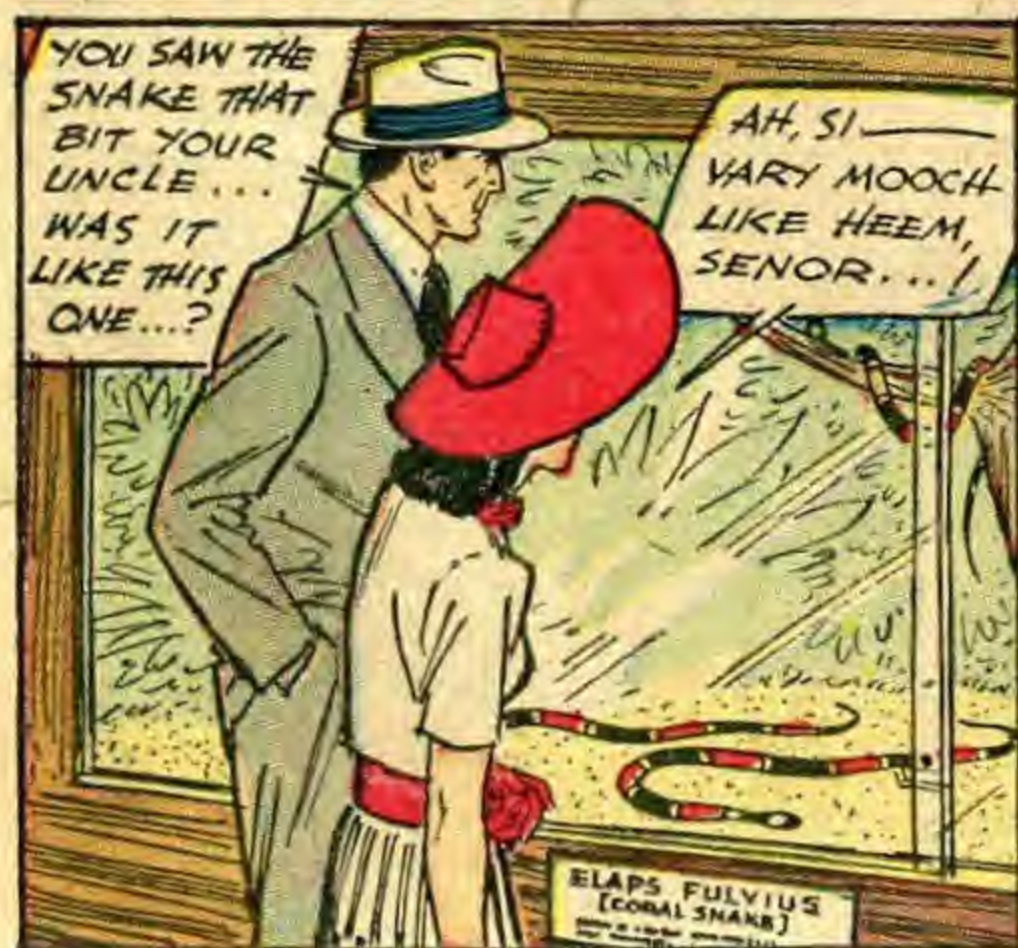
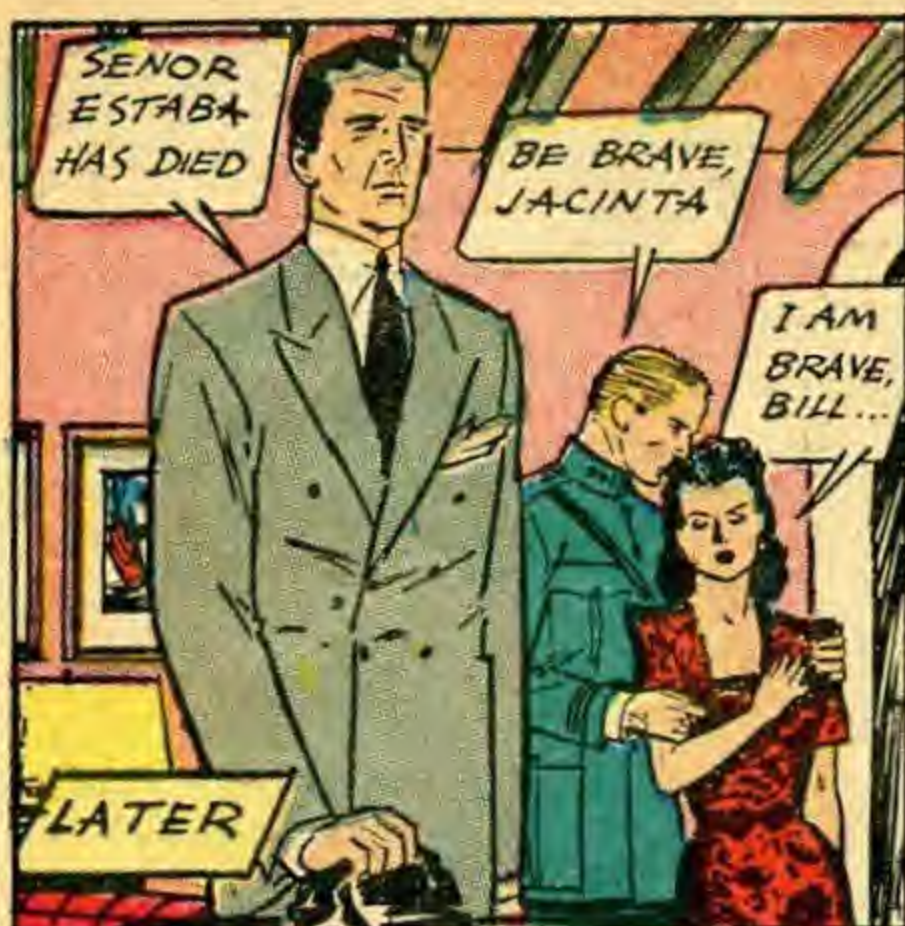


















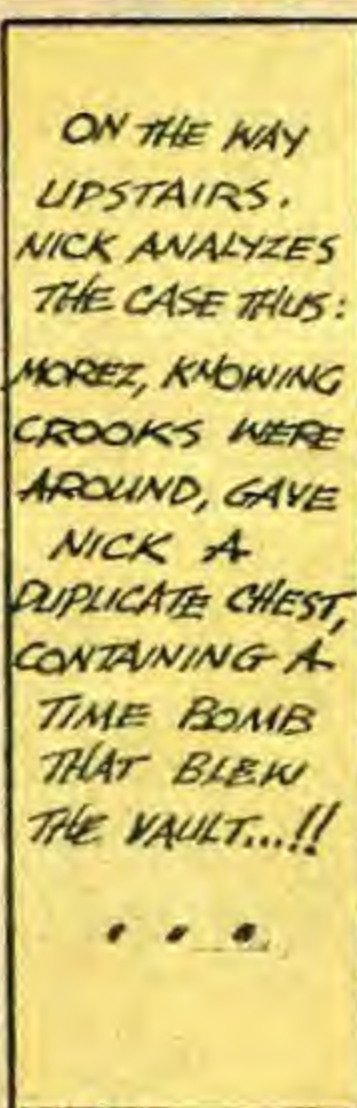
AT THAT MOMENT A HUGE EXPLOSION  
COMES FROM THE HOTEL VAULT . . . . .













# THE SHADOW

## THE DEAD RETURN

ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
JACK  
BINDER



SO YOU'RE THE  
FELLOW WHO STOLE  
A HEARSE AND  
SOLD IT. WHO IS  
BEHIND THE  
RACKET?

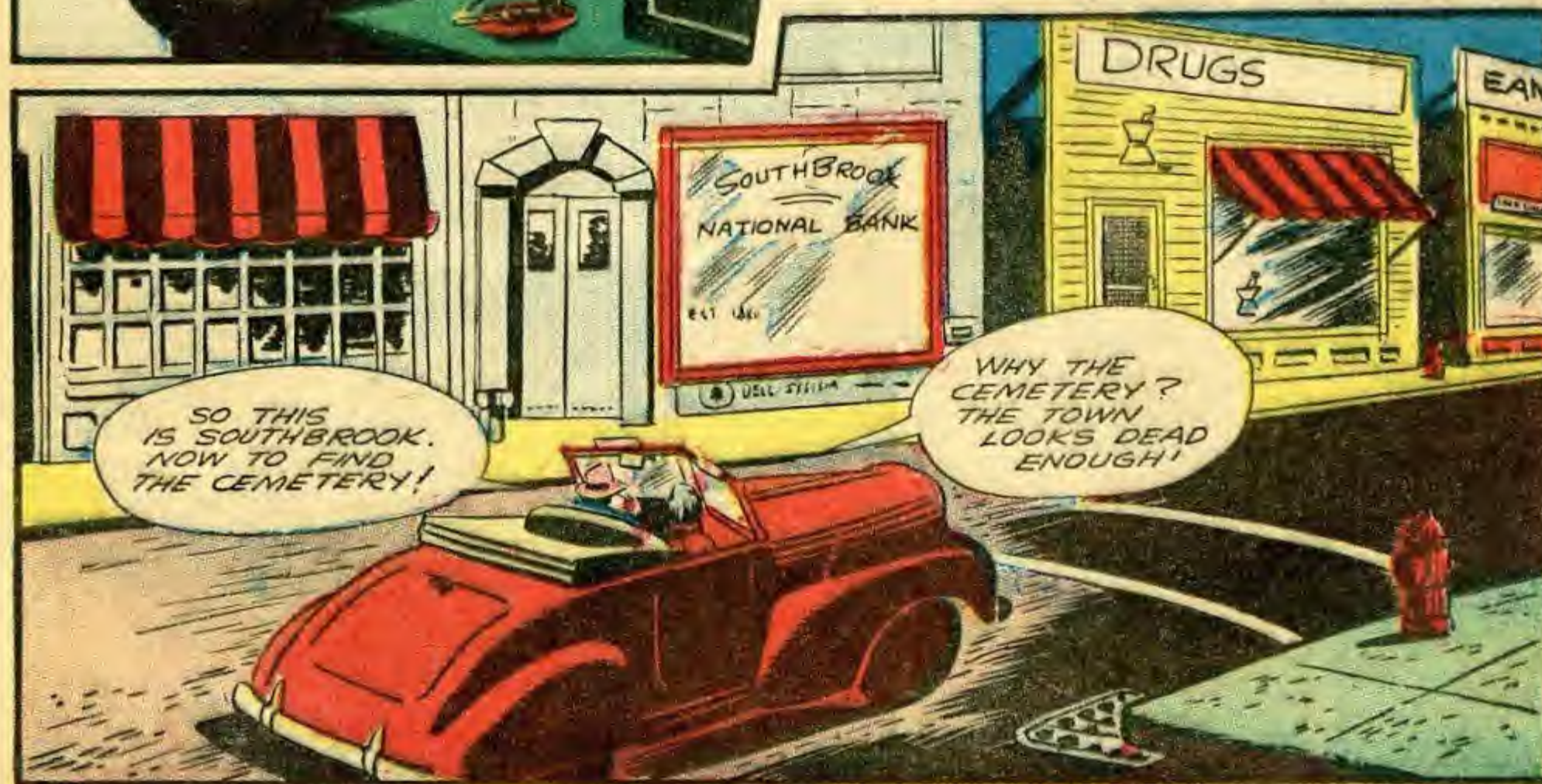
HONEST,  
COMMISSIONER,  
I DON'T KNOW!

A GUY CALLED  
UP AND TOLD  
ME TO DRIVE  
THE DEAD  
WAGON TO THE  
WRONG  
CEMETERY, OR  
ELSE. THEN I  
WAS TO  
PEDDLE IT!

A POOR  
ALIBI.  
TAKE  
HIM  
AWAY.











LET'S GO, LAMONT!  
THIS PLACE IS  
SPOOKY!

I WANT TO  
HAVE A LOOK  
AT THAT OLD  
MANSION  
WHEN I GET  
THROUGH  
HERE.



HERE'S WHERE  
THE HEARSE  
CAME THROUGH,  
AND THESE  
RUTS PROVE  
IT WASN'T  
THE FIRST!



NEW TOMBSTONES...  
AND AN OPEN  
GRAVE!

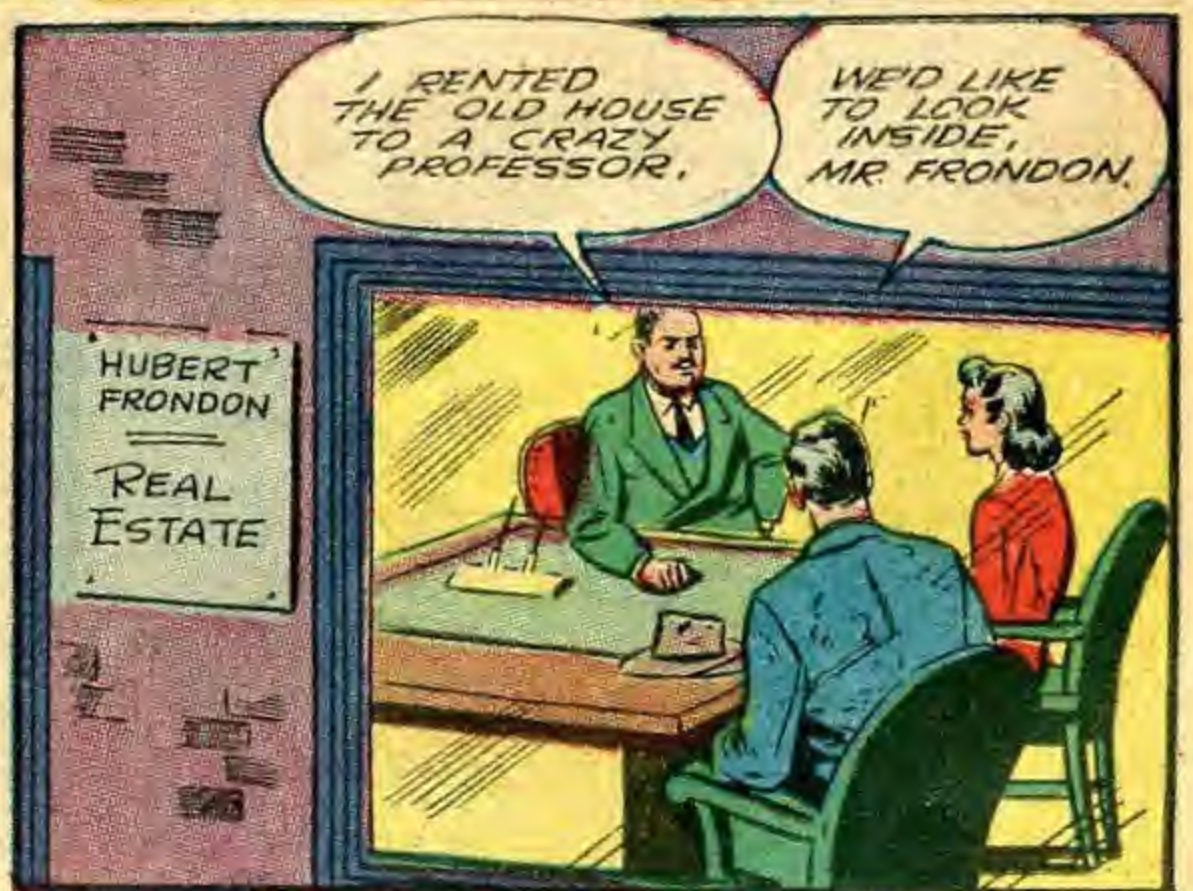
WITH A PATH  
LEADING TO THE  
OLD HOUSE.  
LET'S  
FOLLOW  
IT.



FOR SALE  
OR RENT  
HUBERT  
FRONDON  
SOUTHBROOK

WHY, THIS  
OLD PLACE IS  
BARRER LIKE  
A FORTRESS!

LET'S GO  
BACK TO  
SOUTHBROOK  
AND HAVE  
A CHAT WITH  
MR. FRONDON.



I RENTED  
THE OLD HOUSE  
TO A CRAZY  
PROFESSOR.

WE'D LIKE  
TO LOOK  
INSIDE,  
MR. FRONDON.

HUBERT  
FRONDON  
REAL  
ESTATE











CREAKY, THIS FLOOR.  
MAYBE I'LL FIND  
MARGO AND FRONDON  
IN THE CELLAR!



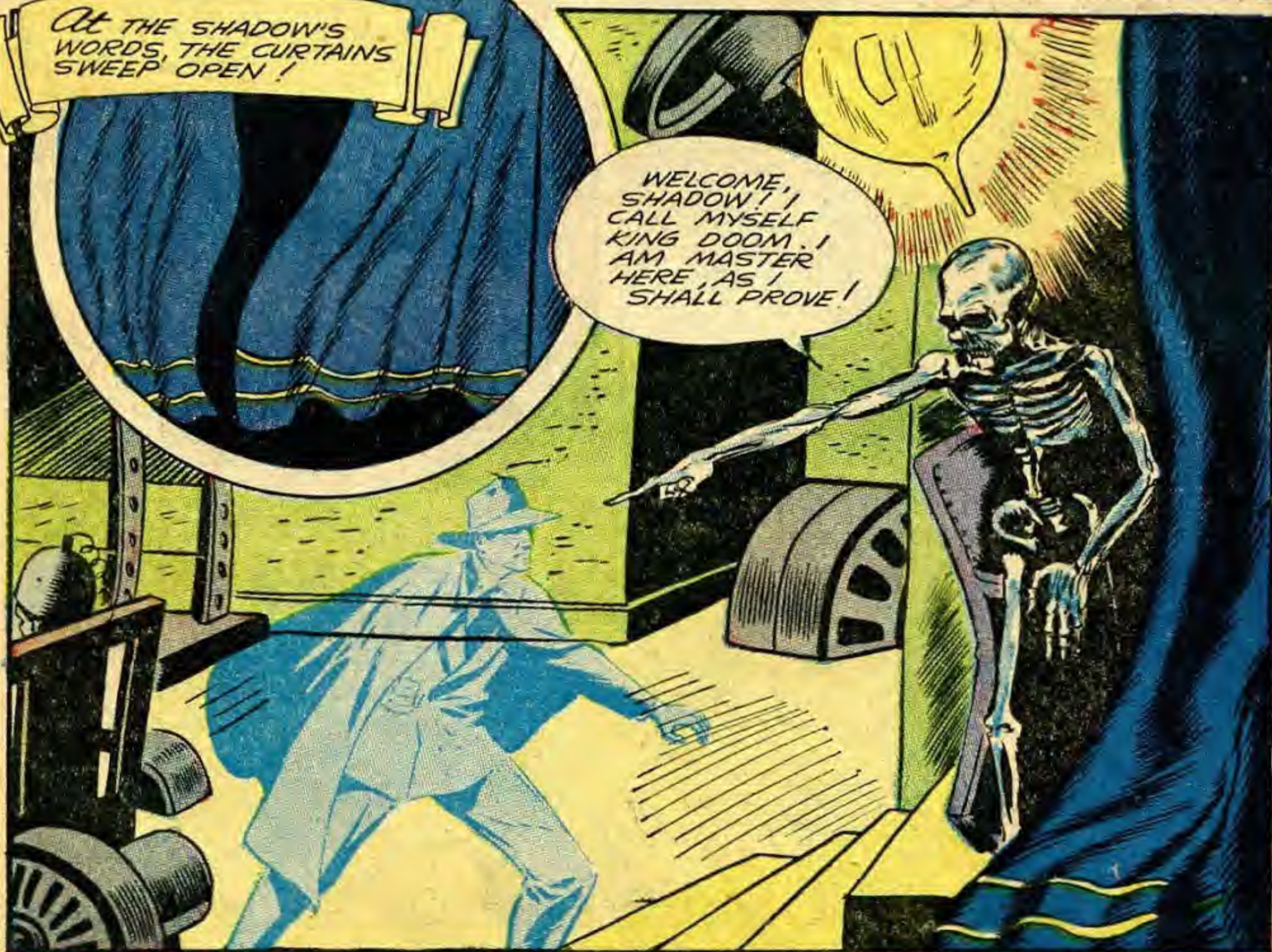
ATTRACTED BY A STRANGE  
GLOW, THE SHADOW ENTERS  
A ROOM MORE WEIRD THAN  
ANY HE HAS EVER SEEN!

ELECTRIC CHAIRS  
WORKING IN REVERSE!  
PUTTING LIFE INTO  
THE DEAD... BUT  
WHAT LIFE!



At THE SHADOW'S  
WORDS, THE CURTAINS  
SWEEP OPEN!

WELCOME,  
SHADOW! I  
CALL MYSELF  
KING DOOM. I  
AM MASTER  
HERE, AS I  
SHALL PROVE!





SPEAKING IN A GRATING TONE, KING DOOM DISCLOSES HIS INSIDIOUS PURPOSES AS THOUGH CONFIDENT THAT EVEN THE SHADOW CAN NOT THWART HIM!!!

AS MASTER OF THE DEAD, CREATURES THAT ACT AT MY COMMAND, MY POWER WILL BECOME UNCHALLENGED!

NOT EVEN YOU CAN LEARN MY IDENTITY, SHADOW! THANKS TO THIS X-RAY DOME THAT RENDERS ME VISIBLE ONLY AS A SKELETON!

YOU'RE FORGETTING ONE THING, KING DOOM.

I HAPPEN TO BE ENTIRELY INVISIBLE, AND MY GUN HAS A WALLOP THAT CAN BATTER YOU INTO A BONEYARD!

COME!

BEFORE THE SHADOW RECOGNIZES THAT KING DOOM'S COMMAND WAS MEANT FOR OTHERS, THEY ARRIVE... THOSE CREATURES ALREADY IMBUED WITH SHAM LIFE!!

YOU ARE INVISIBLE TO LIVING EYES, SHADOW, BUT NOT TO THOSE OF THE DEAD... WITH WHOM YOU SHALL SHORTLY DWELL!





CLUTCHED  
IN THE  
GRIP OF  
THE DEAD,  
THE  
SHADOW  
IS CARRIED  
FROM  
KING  
DOOM'S  
PRESENCE!!



THEY'RE DIGGING  
A GRAVE TO BURY  
ME ALIVE!



THIS LOOKS LIKE  
MY LAST BLACK-  
OUT, UNLESS....



STOP!



LUCKY I REMEMBERED  
THAT KING DOOM  
ORDERED THESE  
FELLOWS AROUND  
WITH WORDS LIKE  
"GO" AND "COME."  
THEY CAN ONLY  
RESPOND TO  
SIMPLE TERMS...  
AND THEY OBEY  
ANYONE!







COME!

TAKE!

THAT'S MAKING  
THE DEADERS  
USEFUL. NOW  
TO FIND MARGO  
AND FRONDON!

SO THIS IS  
WHERE YOU  
LANDED. YOU WERE  
FORTUNATE!

THE  
WHO?  
I DON'T  
SEE  
ANYONE!

THE  
SHADOW!



WHAT A  
HORRIBLE  
PLACE!

NOW TO  
INTRODUCE  
YOU TO  
KING  
DOOM!







# The Hooded Wasp

IN  
INVITATION  
TO DEATH

**T**ONIGHT YOU WILL  
HAVE THE HONOR OF  
MEETING THE REAL  
HEROES OF THIS WAR.  
MIDNIGHT IS THE TIME.  
THE RAM'S IS THE  
PLACE. ANY REAL  
AMERICAN PATRIOT WILL  
BE SURE TO ATTEND.

*H. V. Cottone...*  
SEC'Y, RAM'S CLUB.



THAT'S ENOUGH  
TO STING MY  
CURIOSITY,  
WASP.

MINE TOO.  
THERE'S  
SOME-  
THING  
STRANGE  
ABOUT  
THIS.

GENTLEMEN,  
STAY WHERE  
YOU ARE.

THERE'S SOME  
DEVIL'S WORK AFOOT.  
I'LL BE RIGHT  
DOWN IN THE  
ELEVATOR.











YOU WERE INVITED TO MEET REAL HEROES TONIGHT. FOR INSTANCE, JOHN CLANCY - WHO DIED WHEN HIS SHIP WENT DOWN IN...



I GET IT. HE'LL READ A ROLL CALL OF THE DEAD AND THEN ASK FOR CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE LIVING...

GRUESOME, BUT IT SHOULD MAKE EVERYONE DIG DOWN.



LARRY JOHNS - WHO DIED AT CORREGIDOR...

HERE.



YOU CALLED. WE ARE HERE.



WE ARE HERE TO TELL YOU TO STOP FIGHTING. NOTHING, NO COUNTRY IS WORTH THE PRICE WE PAID.



DEAD OR ALIVE... THAT'S TREASON! COME ON!

OKAY BY ME!





BUT - YOU'RE DEAD!



IF WE'RE DEAD,  
IT'S A FAIR  
FIGHT, DEAD  
AGAINST DEAD!



EVEN A  
WASPLET HAS  
TO HAVE  
A STINGER!



NOW WHAT....



THE LIGHTS!  
WHO?

DEAD MEN!  
RETURN TO  
YOUR GRAVES!

















THANKS, WASP, BUT HOW DO WE FIND THE BRAIN BEHIND THIS?

WE DON'T- HE'S DEAD!

**T**HE KNIFE KILLS THE MAN AS HE IS ABOUT TO TALK.



WELL, IF THE BOSS IS DEAD- WE'RE LICKED.

YOU MEAN THIS OLD MAN WAS THE---

NOPE.



THE LEADER WAS THE FIRST MAN TO DIE!

THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. I SEE WHAT THE PLOT WAS-- THESE GANGSTERS PLANNED A HOLD-UP. THEY SCARED EVERY ONE WITH THEIR DROWNED MAKE-UP AND THEN MEANT TO GAS THE AUDIENCE AND CLEAN THEM OUT.



THAT WAS THE PLOT. THEIR PLEA FOR NO MORE WAR WAS TO MAKE US THINK THEY WERE DIRTY FIFTH COLUMNISTS INSTEAD OF---

JUST DIRTY, THIEVING GANGSTERS.



REMEMBER THE PENTAGRAM IN THE ELEVATOR? THAT WAS TO BE OUR DEATH TRAP. THE ELEVATOR WAS DEADLY WITH HIGH VOLTAGE ELECTRICITY.

OH, THEN THE SECRETARY DIED IN OUR STEAD?



DID YOU NOTICE COTTONE WORE RUBBER SHOES? THAT WAS TO INSULATE HIM. HE WAS THE LEADER.

HE MEANT TO STEP OUT, SHOW US THE STAR AND THE CANDLES - WE'D BE CURIOUS AND POKE !!

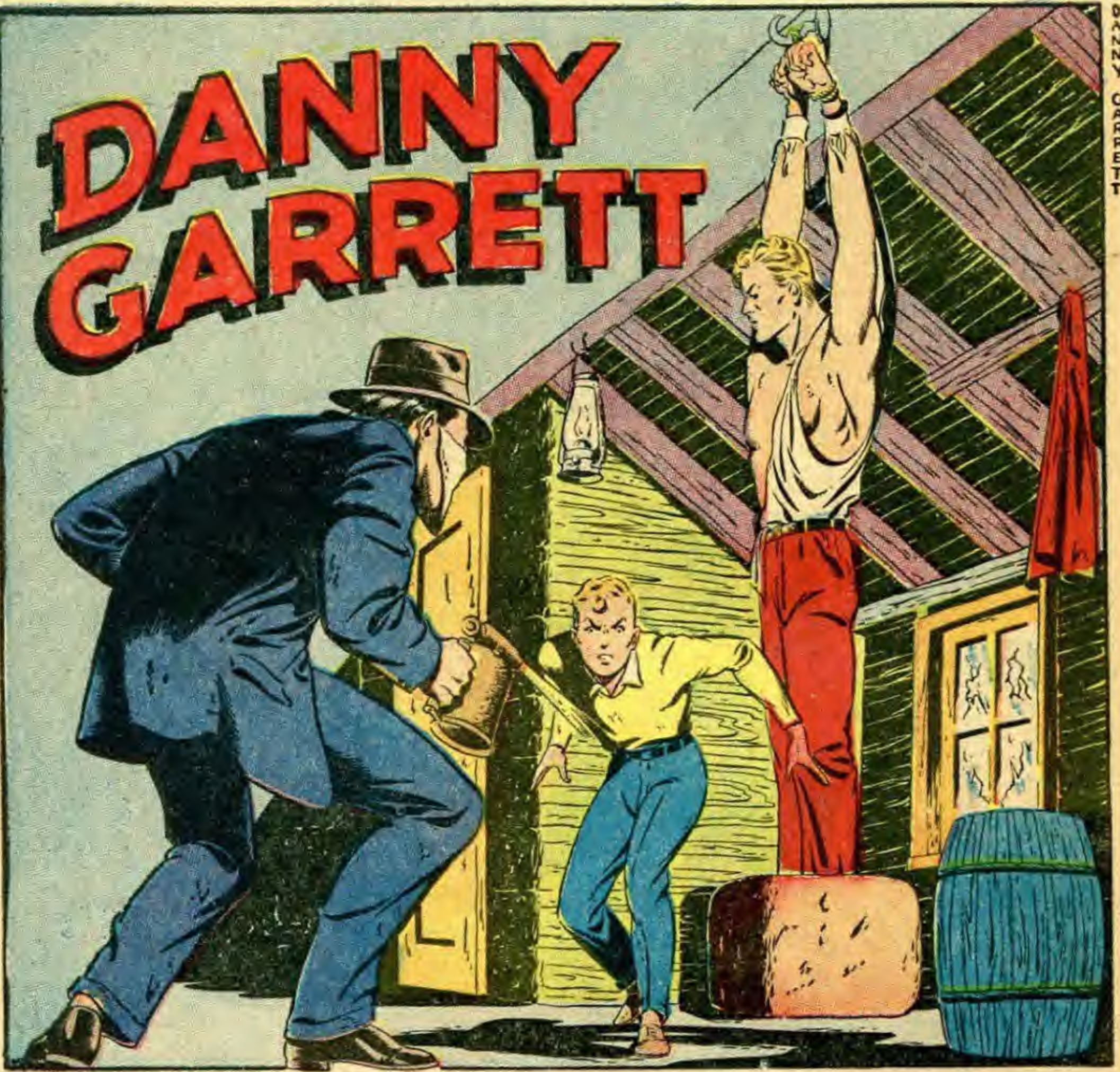
**HOW WAS COTTONE ELECTROCUTED?**

IF YOU READ THIS STORY CAREFULLY YOU SAW IT. IF NOT TURN TO LAST PAGE. (FOLLOWING NEXT STORY)

A REAL HOT FOOT, EH?



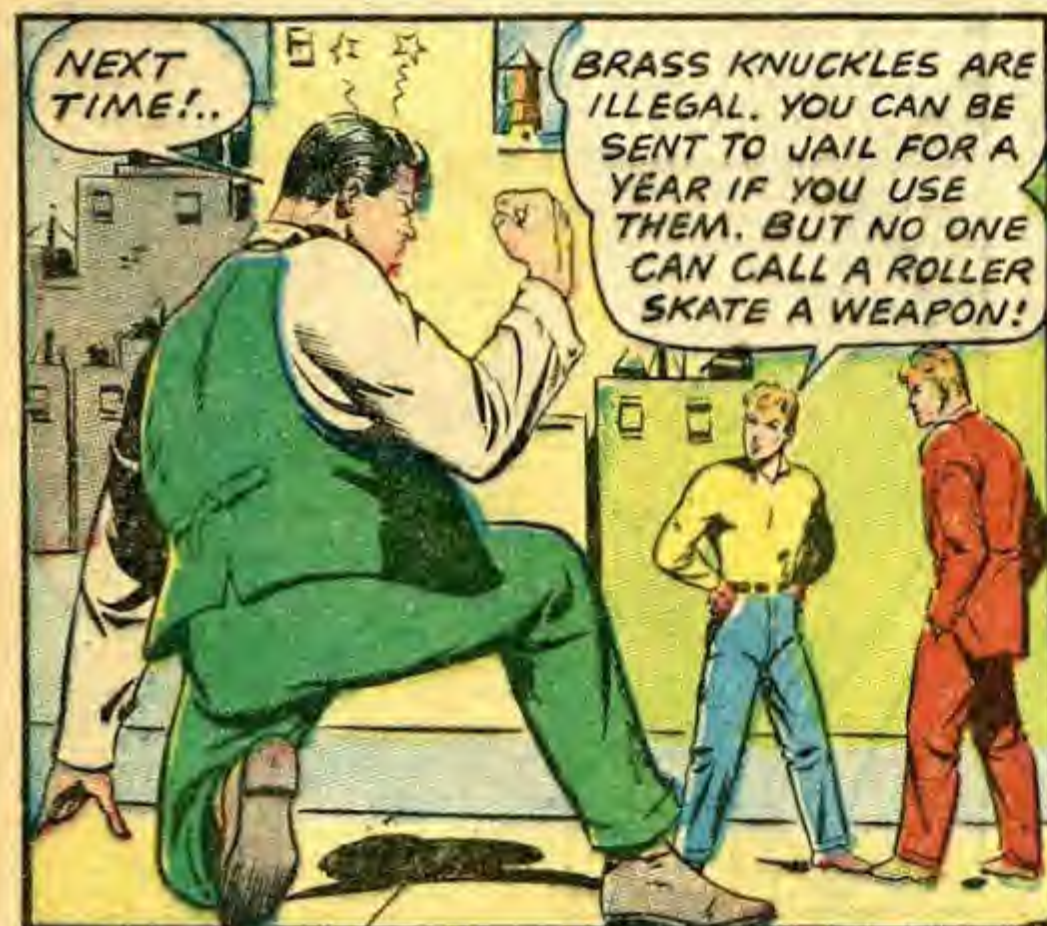
# DANNY GARRETT



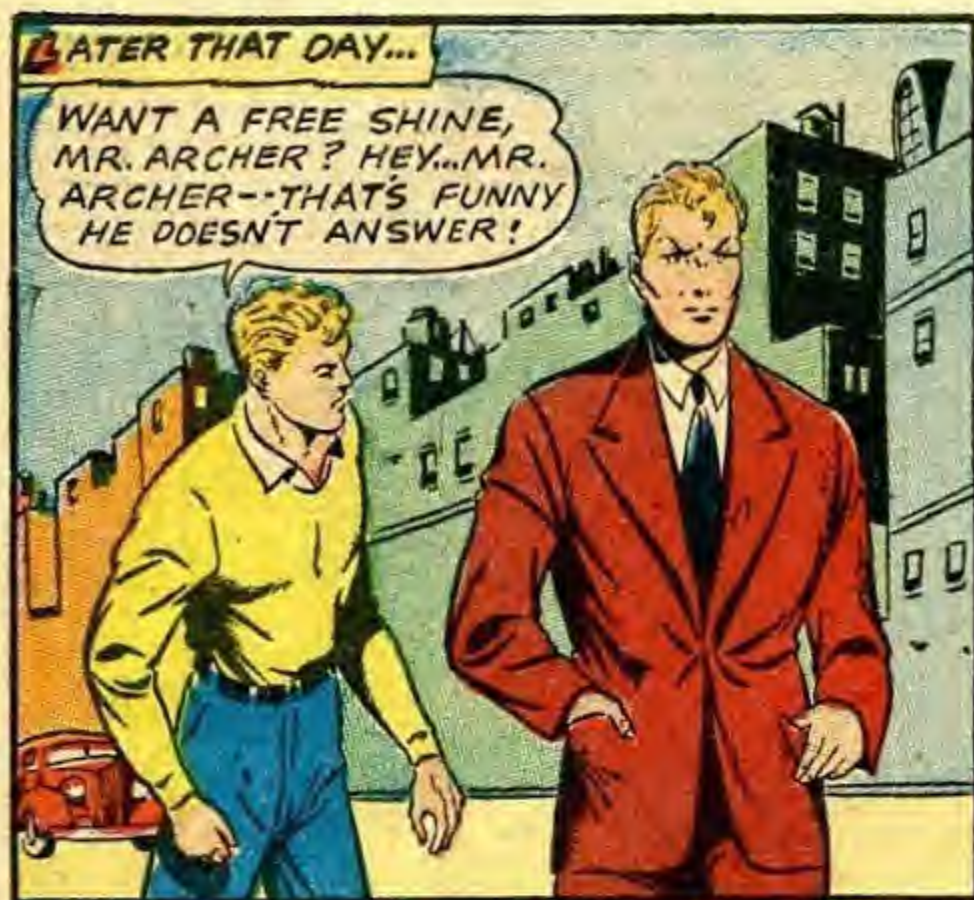




DANNY GARRETT 2/6









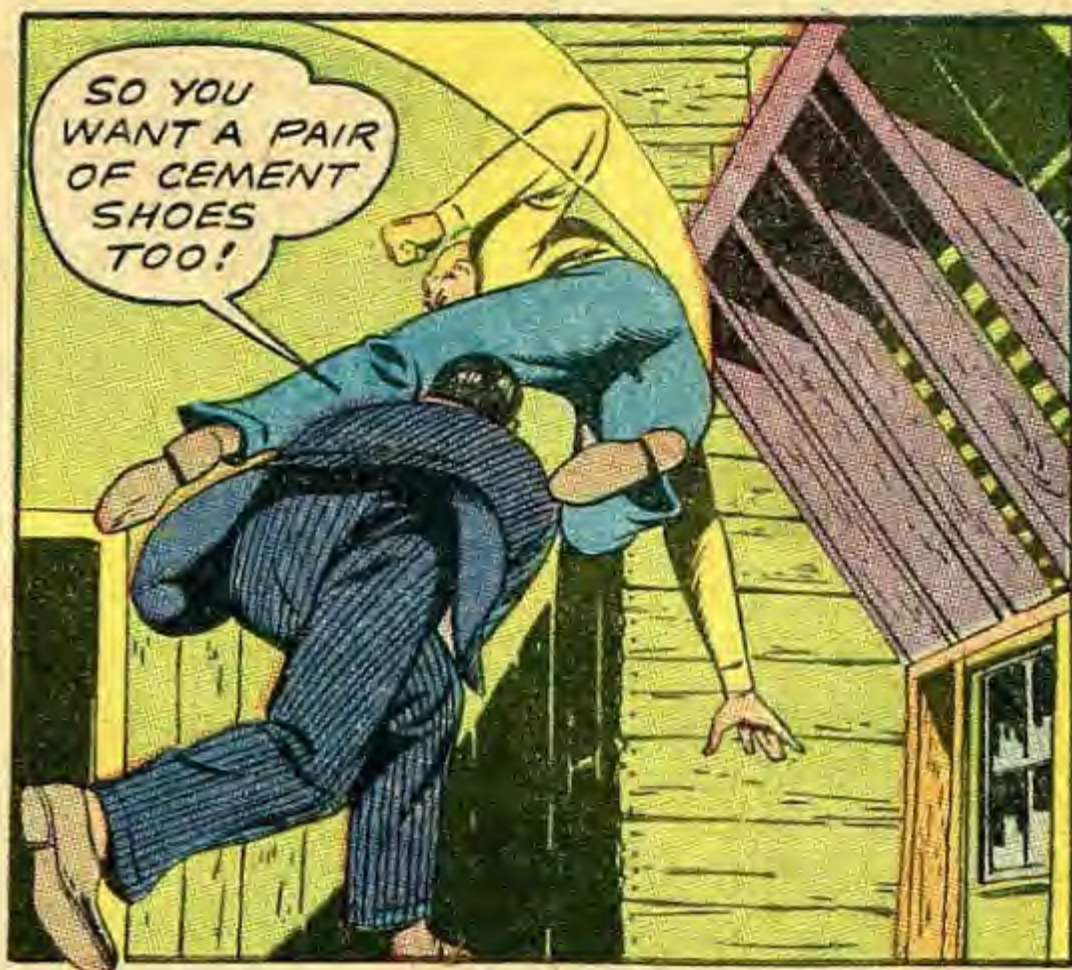
DANNY THINKS OVER THE PROBLEM  
ON THE WAY HOME...



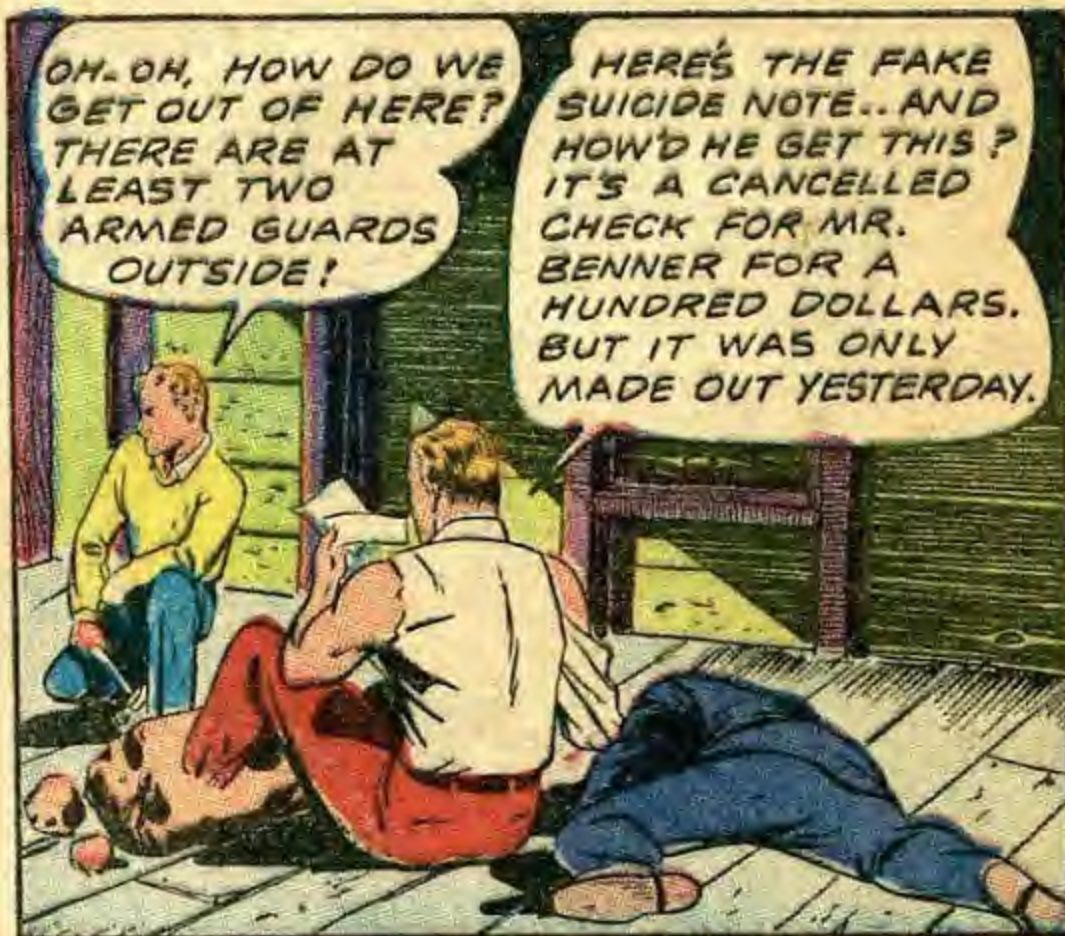
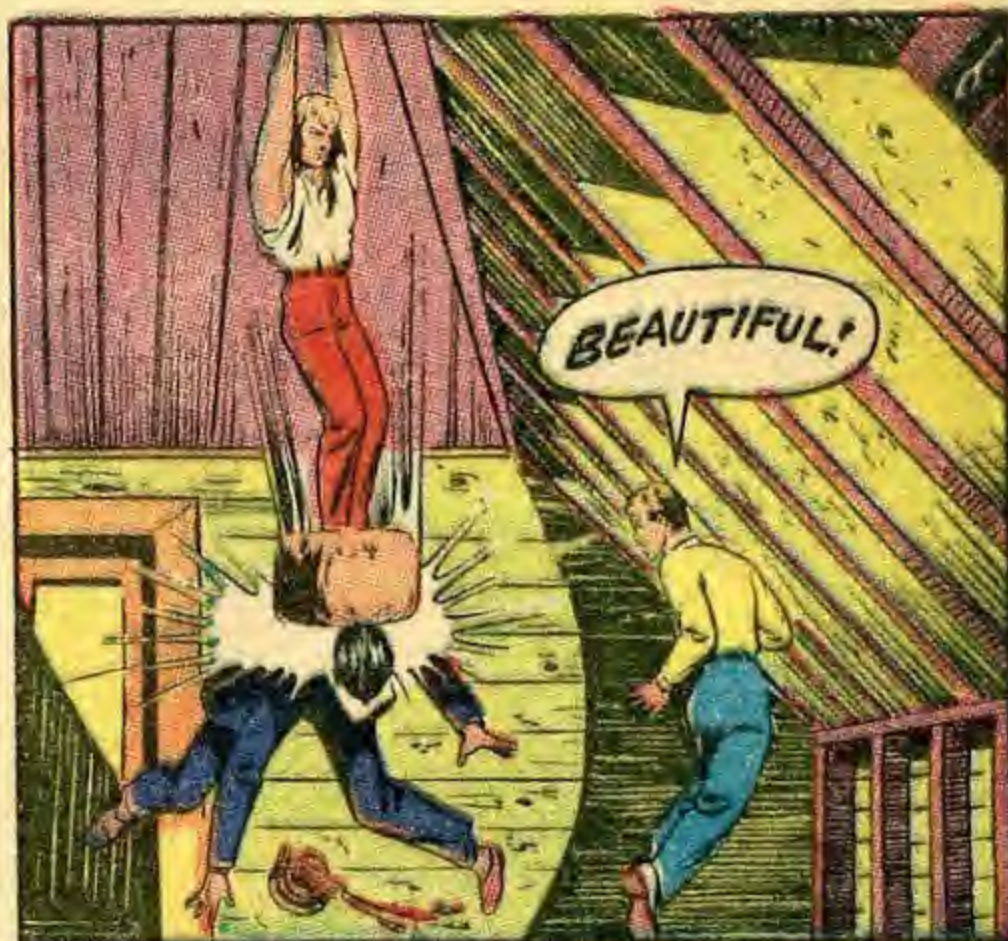
















IT'S OKAY, BOYS.  
I GOTTA DROP  
THIS NOSEY KID!



WHEW! I NEVER  
THOUGHT WE'D  
GET AWAY WITH  
IT. BUT THE  
DARKNESS  
HELPED!

YEAH, AND THEY KNEW  
THERE WERE ONLY THREE  
PEOPLE IN THE  
CABIN. BENNER  
HAD BLACK HAIR  
AND YOU'RE BLOND,  
THE MINUTE THEY  
DIDN'T SEE A BLONDE,  
THEY RELAXED. HEAD  
FOR POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS.  
WE'LL HAVE THOSE  
CROOKS ARRESTED!



BUT THEY'LL ARREST ME.  
I WAS FRAMED PERFECTLY.  
THAT'S WHY I RAN AWAY...  
UNTIL I GOT HIT ON THE HEAD  
AND KIDNAPPED!

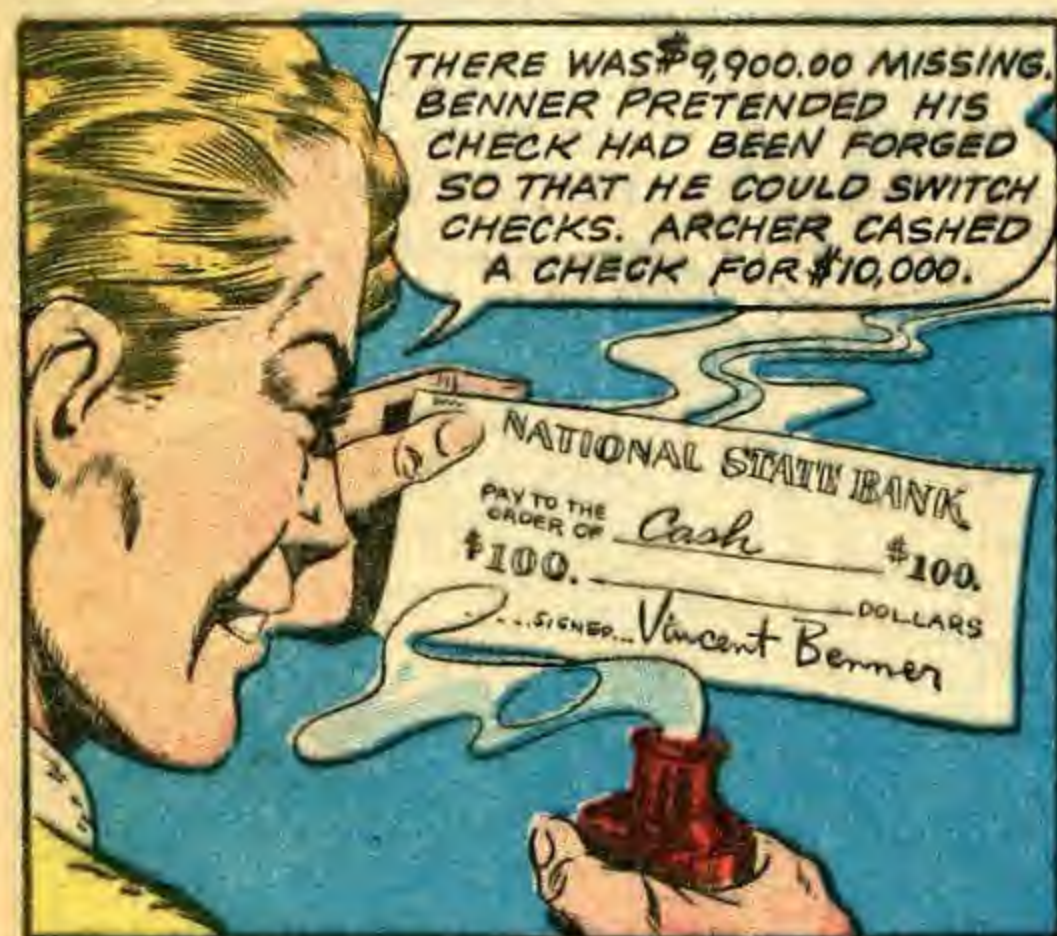
I CAN BREAK  
THE FRAME-UP!



GLAD YOU  
CAME IN ANSWER  
TO MY CALL.  
YOU BROUGHT  
THE CHECK?

YES. HERE  
IT IS... BUT...

HERE'S THE  
AMMONIA  
YOU WANTED.  
WHAT'S COOKING,  
DANNY?



THERE WAS \$9,900.00 MISSING.  
BENNER PRETENDED HIS  
CHECK HAD BEEN FORGED  
SO THAT HE COULD SWITCH  
CHECKS. ARCHER CASHED  
A CHECK FOR \$10,000.

NATIONAL STATE BANK  
PAY TO THE  
ORDER OF Cash \$100.  
DOLLARS  
...SIGNED Vincent Benner



SEE! THE COMMA,  
THE DECIMAL POINT  
AND THE LAST TWO  
ZEROS WERE IN  
VANISHING INK! THE  
PERIOD WAS WRITTEN  
IN APPEARING INK!  
AMMONIA FUMES  
BRING IT BACK. IF  
ARCHER HAD SIGNED  
THE SUICIDE NOTE--  
AND THE CHECKS HAD  
BEEN SWITCHED--  
WELL!

NATIONAL STATE BANK  
Pay to the  
order of Cash \$10,000.  
DOLLARS  
...SIGNED Vincent Benner



# GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

THE SOLDIER WHO WON AN EMPIRE!

By  
MONTGOMERY  
MULFORD

WE'LL GO ON AT SUN-UP--  
--WE'VE COME OVER 1,000  
MILES ALREADY----

IT'S NEAR THE END  
OF FEBRUARY--- WE'LL  
SURPRISE 'EM AT VINCENNES!

**G**EORGE ROGERS CLARK WENT ON,  
SOMETIMES HUNGRY, CROSSED THE  
WABASH BREAST DEEP, TO SEE VINCENNES--

DRIVE THE REDCOATS OUT AND  
THE NORTHWEST IS OURS!!

WE'LL HAVE TO SURRENDER  
--THE YANKS ARE TOO  
FEROCIOUS!!

WE  
LOSE AN  
EMPIRE!!

VINCENNES SURRENDERED IN 1779, AND IN  
1928 A TWO CENT STAMP CELEBRATED  
THE WINNING OF THE NORTHWEST!!



# A Plea

**N**OT a day has gone by since the first Shadow Comic appeared on the stands but what letters have come in asking The Shadow for a favor. It is always the same request. It comes from all over the country.

The Shadow feels that if the circumstances are known, people will stop making this request which The Shadow cannot but refuse.

In the unending, daily, deadly war which The Shadow wages on the underworld, he has three weapons. They are his brain, cool, clear and unique in its ability to extract information from the tiniest bit of evidence.

His miraculous ability with guns is the result of a naturally good eye, a strong pair of wrists and constant practice.

The third is his ability to cloud men's minds so that, to all intents and purposes, he becomes invisible.

And here is the rub. For it is this third weapon which hundreds of you readers have written in and asked to be allowed to share.

Perhaps this is partly The Shadow's fault. The whole weird story of how this weapon was won has never been revealed. We are going to give you part of the strange story here.

Deep in the hidden and mysterious fastnesses of ancient Tibet, high in the unconquerable Himalayas lies the incredibly aged, forbidden city of Lhasa.

The reason for The Shadow's pilgrimage to Tibet still cannot be told. It is a tale fraught with a danger that came close to changing the lives of every man, woman and child on the face of the earth. The merest hint of the underlying purpose of the fiends that The Shadow fought at this time might wreak untold havoc.

Let us pass in silence, then, over the reason why The Shadow plodded wearily through the snows of Tibet. Suffice it to say that for the first time in The Shadow's long career of crime fighting he was forced to appeal to someone for help.

That someone was the reason that The

Shadow had come halfway around the world. That someone lived high above the eternal hills of Tibet. Lived in silence in the center of the sacred and forbidden city of Lhasa.

One by one the bearers had deserted The Shadow, so that now, as he saw the black old walls of Lhasa rising up ahead, he was alone. Alone in a vast and enduring silence.

He plodded grimly on. Somehow he had to communicate with men who not only could not speak his language—but who had never even heard of it!

In the face of this he had to explain how urgent was the need, how horrible the result if he failed.

He knocked on a wooden door that was the only entrance he could find in the tremendous wall that surrounded Lhasa. The wood of which the door was made was so old and so intricately carved that it made The Shadow's head spin. As his tired eyes followed the strange and curious figures that decorated the portal he nodded and fell to his knees.

When his mind cleared he was still alone. But his clothes were changed! He was in a tiny cell. The only light came from the dying sun, whose feeble rays could barely penetrate the slit which served as a window.

He squatted on the floor and, sitting cross-legged, he brought his mind to bear on the problem. What had happened after he had knocked on that ancient door?

He still sat cross-legged, staring into space, as he grappled with the problem of communication with the men he had come so far to see.

Suddenly a vagrant thought crystallized in his mind. Clearly, in his mind's eye, he saw a child. It was a boy. The boy's eyes were enormous. All else faded into insignificance as The Shadow focused on the tremendous eyes.

Gently, like a breeze on a hot, sultry day, a thought took form in The Shadow's mind. It seemed to emanate from this child.

"I am he whom you sought!"



Bemused as was The Shadow, he still retained enough of his probing mind to object:

"But you are so young—I thought the master was—"

The alien thought was stronger now—

"Youth and age are but different aspects of the same thing. What is it that you seek?"

The Shadow resigned himself to the impossible. Quickly, clearly and concisely, as was his wont, he outlined the hideous plot that threatened the world.

The boy, or rather image of the boy in The Shadow's mind, nodded gravely.

"I see," he said. "And why do you come here?"

"You are my last chance." There—it was done. The Shadow had staked his all. Staked the fate of the world on this child!

The child stared deep into the recesses of The Shadow's mind and asked:

"Why do you think you are the proper person to—"

Now, if ever, was The Shadow glad that his life had been lived as it had. For, like a peering searchlight, the alien mind groped and brought to light the motives, the deeds, the things that made up the Shadow's life.

If there had been one blot, one evil thing reposing in the back of The Shadow's mind, it would have stood revealed.

We who know the facts of The Shadow's blameless life, of his self-sacrificing fight against all that is bad in man, know what the result was. The Shadow, with undue modesty, feared the result of this examination.

Finally it was over. The Shadow lay back exhausted. He had never felt so tired in his life. But—

The child said: "You have found your own path to Nirvana on the grueling wheel of life. We are satisfied!"

For the first time The Shadow realized that the child was just a focal point for a score of brains. The child became shimmering and The Shadow could see that he was just the projection of a picture that ten minds had cast. The ten were old and young, but all wore a look of benign understanding. Their combined thoughts joined in The Shadow's mind:

"Because your life is clear and devoted to the good of mankind, we endow you with the power to cloud men's minds. Men will think you are invisible. It is a potent weapon, and

one that you must use with care. It should, combined with your own powers, enable you to win victory over the menace you fear. Go in peace!"

The fact that you all still walk the earth proves The Shadow won his battle.

That is the story of The Shadow's power, and you know why he cannot grant your requests even if he would. The right to invisibility was won by The Shadow on *his* merits. It is his, and his alone—

The Nick Carter story in this issue illustrates a curious point. In the story the murderer took advantage of the similarity between a harmless and a deadly snake.

Nature made the harmless snake look like the deadly one as a means of protection against its enemies.

The strange thing is that this sometimes happens to human beings. When it does, it is just as hard to tell the difference between the dangerous man and the one who just wears camouflage.

Remember this, as it may save you a lot of trouble. The braggart, the bully, the boy who inflicts pain for the fun of it, is attempting to cover his weakness by a disguise. Once you realize this, his strongest weapon is gone, just as the snake's is when you know that his fangs are poisonless.

The point is brought out in Danny Garrett's story in this issue. The bullies who ganged up on him were foiled when they found that Archer and Danny weren't afraid of their weapons.

The battle may be long and arduous, but all history is proof that just as The Shadow and Nick Carter can win out against overwhelming odds, just so will we win out against the evil that is Hitler's basic weakness.

His fangs look long and dangerous, but our boys have already proved that his poison sacs are empty!

### CLUE TO THE HOODED-WASP

*The murdered man was wearing rubber-soled shoes with evening clothes. This, of course, is highly improper. Notice the thumb tack on the heel of his shoe. This established the circuit which permitted the electricity to pass from the floor of the elevator through his body and kill him.*



# THE SHADOW SAVES THE GAME

THE LAST PITCH IN THE THIRD GAME OF THE MIDVILLE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP. THE NORTHSIDE AND WESTSIDE HAVE EACH WON A GAME. TIM, THE NORTHSIDE PITCHER, WINDS UP, THROWS....

STEE-RIKE THREE...YOU'RE OUT... NORTHSIDE IS THE WINNER!



ON THE WAY TO COMPOSITION CLASS, NEXT DAY, TIM OVERHEARS THE WESTSIDERS PLOTTING.....

BUT HOW CAN WE KEEP TIM OUT OF THE GAME TODAY?

HE'S GOT ANOTHER CLASS YET, BUT HIS TEAM HASN'T!...

I GET IT!... WE CAPTURE AND KEEP HIM PRISONER!

I MUST WARN MY TEAM TO WAIT FOR ME, BUT HOW?... I'VE GOT IT--- I'LL USE CODE--- IT'S A LUCKY THING ALL OF US READ THE SHADOW MAGAZINE!



By BINDER

IN THE CLASS, TIM WAS CALLED TO THE BLACKBOARD TO WRITE HIS COMPOSITION. IN IT WAS A HIDDEN CODE MESSAGE FOR THE NORTHSIDE TEAM. CAN YOU FIND IT? (HINT: READ ONLY THE CAPITALS!)



How EVERYONE LOVES PETS

WHY DOES EVERYONE LOVE PETS? AND WHAT KIND OF PETS ARE BEST LIKED? IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOUR OWN TASTE AND WHERE YOU LIVE. TRY ONE KIND AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT TRY ANOTHER!

AFTER SCHOOL, TIM IS GREETED BY THE NORTHSIDERS WHO HAVE WAITED FOR HIM. THE WESTSIDERS, OF COURSE, ARE DUMBFOUNDED AND THWARTED!

THEY WAITED FOR HIM!

I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOW WHO WARNED 'EM!



In each issue of THE SHADOW Magazine we publish pages of code material. You will find these most fascinating.

THE SHADOW Magazine pays \$2.00 for each code accepted and printed; work out your code and send it in to THE SHADOW Magazine.





# CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

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